



KATE CLYDE

Takes a Few Falls Out of the Summer Girl and Gives Some Pointers Regarding Summer Hotel Attire

If you really want to study feminine character go to a seashore resort, or, better still, a big summer hotel.

Oh, me! Oh, my! I know this expression is silly, but so are the girls. They wander around the piazza—big, little, stout, tall and thin, pretty and would be pretty—and the talk is ever of men.

"Did you see him at the bathing beach? Awfully stunning fellow! Wonder who he is?"

"Tehee, tehee!" You can console yourself, my dear, he's married!

"Well, I might have known it!" "Did you notice the tall girl with the big brown pompadour? Is that her brother or her fiance with her?"

"It's her brother."

"Sweet girl, isn't she? Let's go over and get introduced."

"Do you prefer them blond or brunette?"

"Oh, Lord, child! I'm not so particular. Give me any tint, so that they're real men."

"Um! I know an awfully stunning man in New York. If I brought him down, you girls would never look at that girl's kid brother again."

"Oh, do send for him, dear!"

"Not much! I have spent the better half of a year taking the conceit out of him. But I brought him down here with all you girls and no man, he'd be simply unbearable forever afterward."

"I'm going to send for Henry. Henry is a dear."

"All right! We'll rig up a triumphal arch. Welcome, Henry, to the Henry!"

In the far corner of the piazza a worldly wise mother: "I tell you what, money's the thing! I don't want any handsome faced, penniless boys around my girls. Miss Unsophisticated, who was that nice gray haired man you had with you yesterday? Has he money? Yes? Well, then, you're great goose not to marry him. Love? Oh, that's all very well—but not to marry on!"

"Why, Mrs. X!"

"Oh—er—I mean it's all very well in books. Here comes my carriage. You will have to excuse me. James, why didn't you put the dog in the carriage? He needs an airing, too."

In the silence which ensues a tired voice is heard: "Yes, I've just married off one of my daughters, and I tell you I'm mighty glad. No; he's not a handsome fellow, but he's got lots of money."

Raucous voice of Mrs. Parvane in the corner: "I tell you what, the way they smash things! Why, I had a cut glass bowl that cost—"

"Oh, that's nothing to what my maid did. She cracked a Bohemian glass vase that cost—"

"It certainly is expensive to live in this world! My daughter lost a Tiffany pin of mine the other day—five large diamonds and filled in with pearls—a beautiful design, and it cost—"

"No, we don't have horses any more. We have an automobile. It's a little more expensive in the long run, but—"

"Goodness me! I have my horses down here, and my bill last week was actually—"

And so forth and so on until you fairly hear the dollars clink.

The thoughtful girl as she gazes on the scene: "Oh, I wish I were a man!"

An instant later, as two snub noses, bloated specimens descend from an automobile and make their way pompously along the piazza, "Oh, no I don't, either. I wish I were a woman who could do something. Anything better than this life! Anything!"

Go on her way deep in meditation.

Two frivolous girls gazing after her: "Queer girl, that!"

"Yes. She seems to be thinking all the time. Very bad habit!"—with an awful yawn—"Oh, heavens, I shall die if something doesn't happen!"

And when a man does arrive! Well, you have seen a hen scratch up a worm and another hen grab it and run away, followed by the entire barnyard? That is exactly what happens in the case of the man. He is all but torn into pieces.

I notice one thing. Nearly all the smart girls wear sailor suits, such as you see on children. These suits are made of navy blue serge, with the regulation markings on the left arm in red and the sleeves slightly puffed into a narrow cuff. The skirts are habit lack,

apparently without seams, and although they fasten in the front, they appear to do so at the back by means of a silk lacing—just such a lacing as the sailors wear in their trousers.

Never before, so it seems to me, has dress been so picturesque. No girl can help looking attractive this year if she knows the first thing about what colors suit her. The huge hats which are worn around the hotels are great beautifiers even of the homeliest face. In the sketch you will see a remarkably smart black and white effect contrived with a simple muslin gown, a big black chip Gainsborough hat and an old black lace mantilla. The gown

told us all about her dog, all about her cat, all about her family, and then—when patience was about exhausted—she suddenly jumped up and said: "Please excuse me for a minute!"

She was gone for several minutes, so that we began to breathe and give thanks for a merciful deliverance, when suddenly there was a loud creaking of shoes and rustling of skirts and in trooped, tramped, swished, what seemed at first sight a small army. At the head walked proudly our acquaintance of five minutes before. She had brought her entire family to be introduced. There were father, mother, uncle, aunt, sister and brother-in-law, and I believe even sister's sister-in-law.

By the time she had brought them all to a halt we turned tail and fled!

Kate Clyde

Asbury Park, N. J.

SWEETS TO THE BASHFUL.

There is a sweet simplicity about the marriage rites of Burma. It devolves upon the woman to do the courting.

When a maiden sees a youth whom she thinks will make a desirable husband she forthwith offers him a stick of sweetmeats. If he accepts her proposal he at once eats her offering of affection, and from that moment she is his wife. No further ceremony is necessary, and witnesses to the contract are not required. It is in the act of eating that this primitive marriage rite consists. Supposing that the youth declines the offer of marriage, he does so by assuring the girl that the sweetmeat is not to his taste, and the maiden knows that she must seek elsewhere for some one who will appreciate the love which her offering betokens.

A bit of lemon is an excellent bleacher for the finger tips.

appears on a Newfoundland stamp and completes a nice set for the collector's album.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford, one of the founders of the Stanford university, is president of its board of trustees.

Though the New York board of managers for the St. Louis fair has among its number only one woman, Mrs. Mack, yet it has for assistant secretary Mrs. Dore Lyon, president of the New York

City Federated Clubs and editor in chief of the Club Woman.

King Edward's eldest daughter, the Duchess of Pife, is of a most retiring disposition, and consequently she has earned the nickname of "her royal shyness" among her friends.

Lady Frances Ralfoir objects to abolishing the British barmid. In the United Kingdom are 80,000 girls and women earning a good living as bar-

maids, Lady Frances says, and to deprive them of their employment would only be to throw them upon the already fearfully overcrowded ranks of British laboring women.

Maud—I have only the most distant relative. "Has the family died out?" "No. They have all become rich."

Mrs. Harriet Van Der Vaart, one of the chief factors in the passage of the new child labor law, is chairman of the

industrial committee of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs. She is laboring unceasingly in behalf of the bill.

Nanette Magruder Pratt has written a book called "The Body Beautiful." She is busy with her subject. Women are beginning to know that when they devote less time to mere clothes and much more to the development of the beautiful human body itself they

their children and the human race in America will become more and more beautiful and strong.

Mrs. Norman Mack of Buffalo is the only woman on the New York state board of managers for the St. Louis exposition.

Queen Alexandra has a taste which her little grandchildren quite sympathize with—it is a great liking for sweets.



TAILORED SUIT OF BLACK BROADCLOTH.

Dr. EMILY DUNNING, Ambulance Surgeon

GOVERNOR HOSPITAL is in New York city, and the district patrolled by its ambulances is one of the most crowded as well as toughest in the great town. Young doctors are appointed to its medical staff by competitive examination.

Among the physicians who took the examination last winter for appointment as interne to Gouverneur hospital was a fine and handsome young lady, Dr. Emily Dunning. She was well educated. In 1887 she was graduated from the scientific department of Cornell university and received her degree as B. S. In the autumn following she entered the medical department of the university and ground away four years longer, this time on bones, tissues, chemistry and medicines. At the end of the time she was graduated again, now with an M. D. to her name, besides the B. S. What is more, she stood at the head of the whole class in medical scholarship, a class of both men and women.

After Dr. Emily Dunning was graduated as M. D. in 1891 she rested a few months following her eight strenuous years of study. Then she entered the office of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi in New York, working and studying still. There she remained till she took the competitive examination and got her appointment as one of the surgeons of Gouverneur hospital. The appointments were made from applicants of the first rank in the list, and among these Dr. Dunning was fourth. She got her appointment as hospital interne last January.

She served six months as house physician. Then came the next step, answering hurry calls on the medical ambulance. Not a day passes but the hospital ambulances are seen in all parts of New York, rushing like mad to the aid of somebody who has been suddenly hurt or stricken, either with

fingers over his broken limb. "Take off his shoe," she said. The attendant policeman tried to do this, but could not.

"Don't hurt him; cut it off," said the girl surgeon, handing him a pair of scissors. "And rip up his trousers leg."

This was done quickly. The girl surgeon diagnosed the injury, pronounced it a compound fracture of the femur, banded and splinted it temporarily.

Then, said to the driver and policeman, "Put him on the stretcher," as coolly as though she had been doing that kind of work under the eyes of a thousand people all her life.

The patient was lifted into the ambulance, and away the ambulance sped to the hospital.

Another call to the congested district. A foreign sailor who appeared to be suffering from some mysterious ailment. The hallway was that of a saloon's boarding house, but Dr. Emily Dunning did not hesitate a second to enter it and move through a crowd of longshoremen to the patient. They stared in amazement at her, but made way for her respectfully. She whipped out a stethoscope, examined the sick man, asked him some questions, diagnosed and judged him and pronounced him guilty of drunkenness in the first degree. Then she took him to the hospital.

In the afternoon came another drunk—the only kind, this time. He had cut his head and was a bad case altogether, but, said a reporter, "Dr. Dunning tackled him as though he had been a three months' old girl baby." She mended his head and left him for the policeman to take care of.

The girl surgeon had six ambulance calls that first day "on the bus," of which was to a man who had heat prostration. Another was to an insane woman who had to be removed from police station to hospital. Never once did the young woman doctor lose her nerve or hesitate. She knew exactly what to do in each case and did it instantly.

She herself does not talk of her patients or her exploits. The public medical board whose servant she is has given her orders not to talk about her professional work, and that, too, is right, for a city hospital surgeon is not a freak, but just a wise, quiet doctor. Nevertheless, a million people must have read next morning of that successful first day's work on the ambulance of a woman doctor, must have marveled at her perfect skill and coolness. But the time is not far off when the race will no longer wonder at a woman who is a master in any of the professions. The woman of the coming race is arriving.

Meantime what those who witnessed Dr. Dunning's performance of ambulance duty thought of it may be judged from what they said. All were respectful, welcoming and pleasant, newspaper men included. Here is what some of them said: The policeman who helped her with the broken leg gazed after the departing ambulance and remarked: "Well, I'll be darned! Say, she's all right. Never saw anything more businesslike. She'll do."

The driver of the ambulance said: "She's all right, and she's got nerve enough for anybody. Smart woman too. I'd rather have her treat me than any of the young doctors in the house—and, say, if any one ever insults her or says anything to her she resents while I'm driving for her, I'll knock his head off."

What a brother surgeon said: "Dr. Dunning knows her business and she appears to have plenty of good sense. Any one who thinks she will balk when it comes to a hard case will be mistaken."

What she herself says: "I am anxious for good, hard work, for I believe a woman is just as well qualified as a man to do that kind of work."

So why not?

MARY GOODSPEED.

TISSUE PAPER HATS.

The new tissue paper millinery is both easy to construct and easily trimmed. Any deft fingered woman can build a dashing little bonnet for herself.

Perhaps the most charming effects are gained by using the tissue braid upon a wire frame. Here the paper is cut in narrow strips, according to the width of braid desired, and plaited like strands of flat hat straw.

A somewhat quicker method is to cover the tissue with paper and paste the braid or trimming upon this, but the results are much less satisfactory.

The fashionable cornflower tresses can be imitated very successfully in tissue paper. The exact purple blue shade of the flower should be secured. Cover the tissue frame with a wide braid and trim with sprays of the appropriate blossom.

In a general way it may be said that turbans and small hats are apt to prove more successful than the larger shapes. The reason for this is that the paper braid is considerably thicker than the plaited straw used in hat making. If the brim projects far out above the face the effect, unless one is especially adept, is likely to prove a bit heavy.

The paper hat is used principally for garden fetes and other al fresco occasions. It also makes a delightful favor for summer collations.

The suggestion of ribbon in the trimming is produced by cutting the paper in bands of ribbon width and tying it in any style of bow desired.

In the large cities tight lacing is now more observable among the girls of the very ignorant classes than elsewhere.

Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.

French Blackberry Cordial

Gather very ripe blackberries and put them into a straining bag, squeeze out all the juice, then allow one pint of sugar to every pint of juice. Boil in a preserving pan to a thick jelly. When quite cold, mix every quart of cordial with half a pint or more of brandy and bottles. Cork tightly and seal.

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is cut collarless, and this allows a glimpse of white neck and the tying of a black velvet ribbon right around the throat under the plump chin.

Collarless effects are the thing this summer, more so even than last. If your neck has grown dark then bleach it, for unless it is bony and muscular to a degree you must leave it bare.

Try the effect on some old gown. Rip off the collar and alone for that by wearing a bit of black velvet ribbon. You will be astonished to see how much more youthful and pretty you will look.

Oh, how I hate puffers! There is a family of them here—vulgar, low people with money—and such poor breeding that not even the money atones for it. You can imagine how very vulgar they must be! Well, they had been here a week in the hotel and had not made a friend when one evening we were sitting—three of us—in the parlor, and one of them walked right up. She took the seat right next to my friend—no introductions at all, mind you—and leaning over, she began in a confidential tone, "Do you love dogs?"

We all gazed and the woman she addressed nearly fainted. But do you suppose that made any difference to the intruder? She went on, as bold as brass, in the face of a stare calculated to freeze an ordinary mortal. She

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